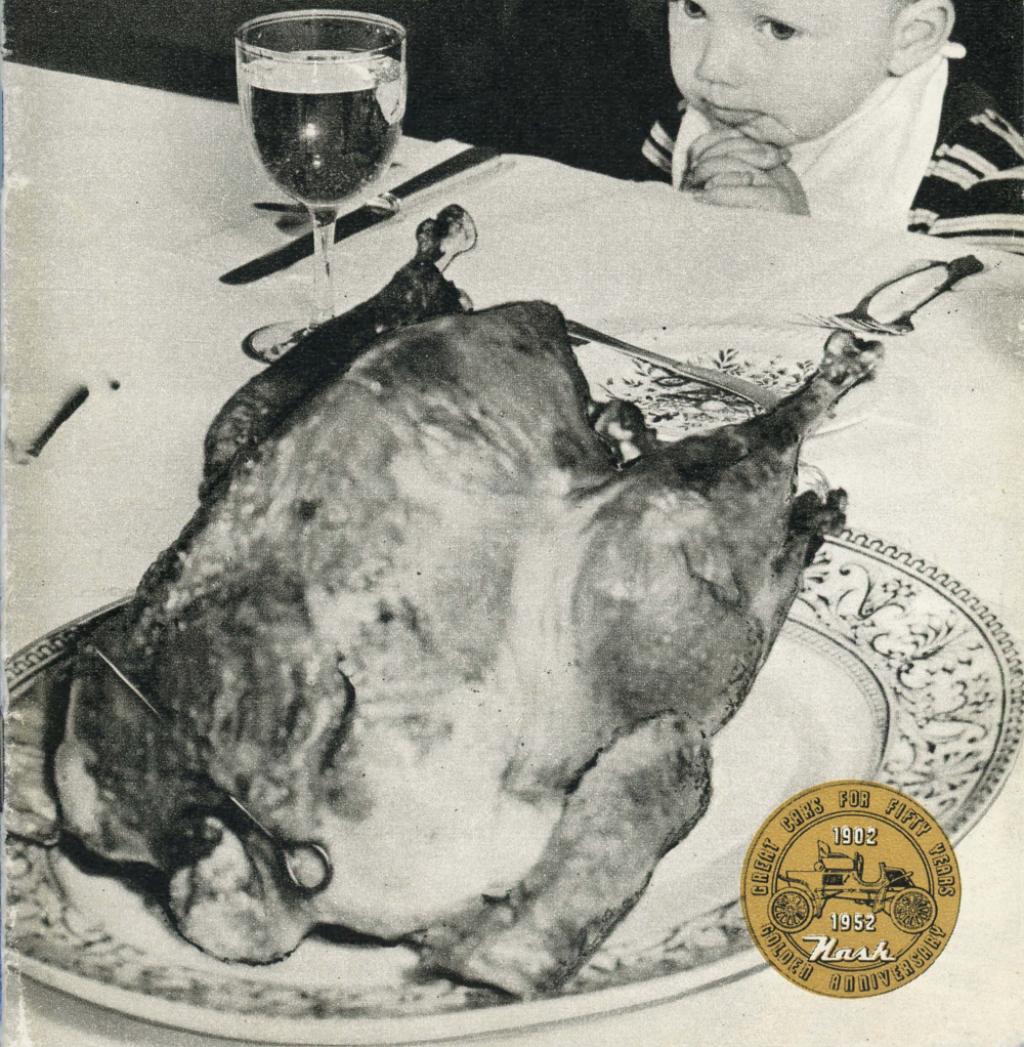


Nash
Highlife

MAGAZINE

VOL. 4 NO. 1



1952

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NO. 1

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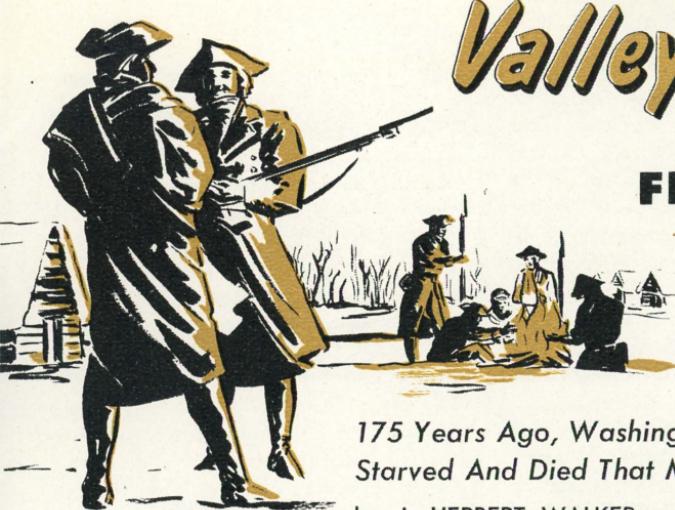
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America has again been blessed with a bountiful harvest. Across the land, vast storehouses are bulging with the fruits of the soil. Because God has blessed America, a humble nation once again will unite in a national day of thanksgiving. (See Photo Story, page 18.)



Valley Forge

FREEDOM'S SHRINE

175 Years Ago, Washington's Army Froze, Starved And Died That Men Might Be Free

by J. HERBERT WALKER

One hundred and seventy-five years ago, December 19, 1777, General George Washington led his tattered army into a winter encampment at Valley Forge, Pa. Here the starving, sick, battered, ill-equipped army bivouacked until June 17 of the following year.

These were the darkest days of the American Revolution. The battles of Brandywine and Germantown had been won by the British. Philadelphia, then the capital of the colonies, was in the hands of the enemy. Desertions from Washington's army were numerous. The morale of the army was low. Even a number of Washington's generals were against him. Food was not available—but it could easily be had by the British because they paid in hard cash for it, and the British army lived in luxury in Philadelphia.

Washington's army, which had encamped at Whitemarsh, not far from Philadelphia, was in jeopardy. So it was decided to move farther

away from the enemy, even though the distance was short indeed.

With many legs naked, with many soldiers without shoes, none with sufficient clothing to keep them warm and scarcely any food, that army started its tragic trek to the now historic camp ground. It took nearly a week to travel the 15 miles to camp.

There were bloody footprints in the snow, hunger was tearing at their fortitude. Men were staggering from fatigue, but the army at last entered the wind-swept Valley Forge area—and immortality.

Here during that long, hard win-



ter, soldier after soldier succumbed from starvation, cold, diarrhea, dysentery, rheumatism, smallpox. Here Washington prayed. Here he encouraged his men to future victory in the face of terrible odds. It is not surprising that chiseled in the granite stones of the Memorial Arch are these words of the Commander: "Naked and starving as they are we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery."

Here by the indomitable courage of one man—Washington—the army came through that terrible winter to win new victories that finally culminated in complete defeat for the British foe at Yorktown. That surrender of Lord Cornwallis when he handed over his sword to General Washington had its real beginning back on the wind-swept slopes of Valley Forge.

More than 3,000 Continental soldiers died at Valley Forge of sickness or starvation or exposure. Those who fell there deserve no less

the honors of war than those who fell in actual battle in defense of the colonies. Their heroic remains rest in unmarked graves—with the exception of Lieutenant John Waterman, of the Rhode Island Brigade, whose subordinates placed a crude rock over his last resting place and carved his initials and date of his death upon it. The spot is now marked by a splendid monument. The original gravestone, erected by his comrades, has found a fitting place in the museum where it will be forever preserved.

All Americans know the tragic story of Valley Forge. After the bitterly cold months of winter, the dogwood trees burst forth in Springtime beauty to bring hope and cheer to the army—and ere long, on May 6, 1778, Washington drew up his troops on the "Grand Parade" to inform them that France had agreed to help the colonies in their struggle for independence.

Today 60,000 dogwood trees, many of them scions of the trees that grew there 175 years ago, cast their creamy-white and pink-tinted beauty over the rolling landscape where Washington's army camped; a fitting tribute to the memory of the men who froze and starved there and died—that men might be free.

Altogether there were approximately 900 huts that crudely sheltered the soldiers quartered at Valley Forge. Now authorities have erected 30 huts that will depict the scenes of the actual encampment. These huts have been re-created from the specifications Washington himself wrote a century and three-quarters before. In future years it is

A gigantic granite Memorial Arch honors the men who wintered at Valley Forge.



(continued on page 6)

(continued from page 5)

planned to have marked the exact sites where the brigades were stationed during the encampment. Fortunately, planners have the original map of the encampment grounds prepared by Louis L. Deportail, a 26-year-old engineer assigned by Washington to the task of laying out the military camp.

Washington, were he here today, would be surprised to learn how many persons visit the shrine of that winter encampment of nearly 3,000 acres of soil sacred to the mind and heart of every true American, soil on which have risen monuments marking the regimental and brigade sites, heroic statues to men of valor, forts, redoubts, rifle pits, defense lines, all faithfully preserved and, topping all, the gigantic Memorial Arch rising to the skies in honor of the men who wintered there.

Here, too, have been preserved in faithful detail a number of limestone farmhouses that served as headquarters for Washington and his staff. The Valley Forge Memorial Chapel and Museum of American History with the National Carillon is another of the features of this hallowed spot.

In the Museum is the tiny silk marquee, or tent, in which Washington himself had his sleeping quarters for more than a week while the



Specifications Washington himself wrote were used to re-create this Hospital Hut.

huts were being erected for the soldiers. The General refused to go into the comparative comforts of the stone building that later became his headquarters, until his men had been given whatever soldier comforts could be had behind the logs of the huts they themselves had erected.

Valley Forge has increased in interest over the years and is being visited by growing numbers of persons. More than a million persons from all parts of the world visit the park annually—a park authorized by Pennsylvania legislative mandate and under the direction of the Valley Forge Park Commission.

Every American should be proud to stand at Valley Forge, to visit the rifle pits, the regimental sites, the forts and redoubts. Or to visit Washington's headquarters, where by day and by dim candle-light the strategy was planned to wrest final victory from the British arms.

At Valley Forge, amid the snows and biting winds on the hills and meadows was written the brightest page in American history, a page that should be read and re-read as an immortal symbol of the spirit of free men.



This limestone farmhouse is a faithful replica of Washington's Headquarters.

who's



who

Check and Double Check

"Brnnnggg!"

Larry E. Smith, railroad special agent in Memphis, Tenn., lifted the ringing telephone off the hook and answered. After listening several minutes, intermittently asking questions, Smith finally said, "All right, I'll start working on it at once."

Smith made arrangements for a quick trip to Arkansas, for in his conversation he had just learned that several thousand pounds of railroad iron had been stolen near Madison, Ark. That meant another piece of investigative work for Smith, a proud Nash Owner and a Rock Island Railroad special agent for 11 years. It is his job to protect the property of the railroad, as well as lives of employees and passengers.

Two deputies went with Smith to Madison, where they talked to the foreman on the job where the materials had been stolen. Clues were limited.

But the loss of iron generally leaves one tell-tale clue, Special Agent Smith knew. The thieves usually look for a junk dealer to buy



their iron. So Smith and the deputies returned to Forrest City and decided to cruise about town and have a close look. With the iron so heavy, they reasoned, it probably was not carried too far.

Their belief proved true, for finally they spotted some of the materials—one piece of which weighed 1,000 pounds. They talked to the owner, pinned him down and learned the names of two young men who had sold the iron to him. Thus the case was wrapped up in a matter of hours, ready for court action to be taken.

Once again Special Agent Smith, who is driving his second Nash and using it a great deal in his investigative work, had succeeded.

Smith checks on everything from the loss of a few screws to large thefts. Once he investigated the disappearance of a big container of milk—and found the thief.

This proud Nash Owner spends most of his spare time working with youths, including his two sons. He is a leader in Boy Scout and Cub Scout work and uses his car frequently in transporting the youngsters around.





Ye Old College Inn

HOUSTON,
TEXAS

For 32 years, Ye Old College Inn, 6545 Main Street, Houston, has been operating on the principle that a charming atmosphere and unobtrusive service add a great deal to the complete enjoyment of good food.

The good food is supplied by a staff of 53 under the direction of Chef Herman Walker, a third-generation chef who has been at the Inn for 19 years. Charlie Tibbitt, 83, has been waiting on three generations of customers for the past 31 years. Many of his fellow-waiters have been at the Inn 15 to 25 years.

Steaks and Gulf seafoods are the specialties of the house. Included on the menu are such delights as: Flounders stuffed with shrimp and crabmeat, Courtbouillon (Louisiana Fish Chowder, pronounced Coo-B-Yon), Squab Hawaiian and Maine Lobster Thermidor.

A favorite tradition at Houston's oldest restaurant is the Coaches' Table where Rice Institute coaches of two decades have made a habit of dining.

Some of the nation's biggest sport stories are born at this table when Southwestern college coaches meet newspaper sports writers.

At the time of its establishment in 1920, the Owl, as it was then called, drew its patronage almost entirely from Rice faculty and students, many of whom now dine at the Inn, not with fellow students, but with their grandchildren.

As Houston grew, so did the restaurant. And its fame for good food spread across the nation. Repeated additions were made including the Varsity Room, Sun Room and Trophy Room. In 1945, when Mr. Ernest Coker became proprietor, the main building was enlarged and re-decorated.

Through the years, College Inn has maintained its high standard of good food above price. For a hors-d'oeuvre or regular dinner feature, the Inn passes on the tempting recipe below.

Oysters Ernie

Salt and pepper 24 selected oysters. Dredge in flour. Grill on lightly buttered griddle on top of stove until crisp and browned on both sides. Sprinkle oysters on both sides with butter or cooking oil while grilling. Dress with the following sauce after oysters are browned and are on hot serving plate: 3 Tbsp. melted butter, 1/3 cup fresh lemon juice, 1 cup A-1 steak sauce, 1/3 cup Worcestershire, 2 jiggers Sherry or Madeira wine. Have sauce hot before dressing oysters. Serve on frilled toothpick.



KNOW YOUR SIGNS

*America's Vast Highway Marker System
Contributes To Your Safety, Convenience*

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

One September day in 1917, two women drove along the highway from Indio to Palm Springs, Calif. Rounding a sharp curve, they came face to face with a huge truck hogging the road and rushing towards them at a fast clip. The smaller vehicle swerved sharply and skidded crazily onto the highway's sandy shoulder.

Right then Dr. June McCarroll, one of the women, determined something must be done to prevent such accidents—accidents that already were swelling the automobile deaths of the country to a fantastic figure. Largely through her crusading spirit, America's highways are today painted with white lines, one of the greatest contributions to highway safety.

The mid-road stripes, however, are a small part of the markers and signs erected on America's highways for the convenience and safety of motorists. Few of today's drivers appreciate the history of such signs or the difficulty and expense involved in placing and maintaining

them. Texas, for instance, recently appropriated \$600,000 for painting white center lines on approximately only one-fourth of its 38,000 miles of highway.

Road signs are as old as America itself. Even the Indians had trail markers. One of these was made from a sapling, bent so that the trunk paralleled the ground and the tip pointed in the direction of the trail. And the early pioneers blazed trails by nicking trees with their axes.

Versatile Benjamin Franklin as Colonial postmaster placed milestones along the Boston Post Road, one of America's earliest highways. He computed the distances by multiplying the circumference of the carriage wheel by its number of revolutions. These markers served stage coach passengers and horseback riders along the route.

There was little need for widespread signposting before the automobile. Local craftsmen designed and built the comparatively few in use and the signs varied greatly.

(continued on page 10)



ALABAMA



ARIZONA



ARKANSAS



CALIFORNIA



COLORADO
83



CONN.
1



DELAWARE
41



FLA.
2



GEORGIA



IDAHO



ILLINOIS



INDIANA



IOWA



KANSAS



KENTUCKY



LOUISIANA



MAINE



MARYLAND

(continued from page 9)

The letters of these markers might be formed by driving nails into a board, by painting or by metal characters devised by a metal worker.

The advent of the automobile had a tremendous impact upon the nation's street and highway systems. Today there are some 8,000,000 miles of highways plus 300,000 miles of city streets. But in the early days of the "horseless carriage" most highways were muddy trails.

To improve highway travel, motorists began to organize clubs. Several of these associations, such as the Automobile Club of Southern California, pioneered in erecting road markers and signs. As automobile travel increased, individual states began signposting their roads.

In 1925, a joint board composed of representatives of the various State Highway Departments adopted the numbered system of United States highways, easily recognized by the standard "U.S." shield markers. The "U.S." highways form a nation-wide network of some 158,000 miles.

The "U.S." route numbers have a special significance that adds greatly to their usefulness. Even numbers, such as Route 22, always designate roads of a general east-west direction. The transcontinental east-west route numbers are designated by multiples of 10, from 10 to 90. Routes 30 and 40 are excellent examples.

North-south roads, such as Route 19, are indicated by odd numbers, with the more important north-south highways, such as Route 11, carry-



Most states post historical landmarks that are of interest to the motorist.

ing two digit numbers ending in 1 or 5. Three-digit route numbers, on the other hand, designate short routes tributary or alternate to the main routes. Route 211, for instance, is a feeder road for Route 11. The digit 2 indicates that Route 211 is the second feeder route for Route 11.

In addition to the "U.S." route numbers, each state has its own network of state highways with state route numbers. These are shown on markers of special design, such as the bear of California, the triangle of Mississippi and the state outline of Louisiana.

The Joint Board also adopted a standard system of warning, regulatory, and informational signs.



NEW YORK



NORTH CAROLINA



NORTH DAKOTA



OHIO



OKLAHOMA



OREGON



PENNSYLVANIA



RHODE ISLAND



SOUTH CAROLINA



MASSACHUSETTS



MICHIGAN



MINNESOTA



MISSISSIPPI



MISSOURI



ROUTE 6 MONTANA



NEBRASKA



NEVADA



NEW HAMPSHIRE



NEW JERSEY

Round signs indicate only one thing—railroad crossings. Octagonal signs always mean "Stop!" Diamond-shaped signs call for reduced speed. Square signs mean caution. Generally, warning signs are diamond-shaped, while regulatory and informational signs are rectangular. For regulatory signs, the longer dimension is usually vertical; for informational signs it is horizontal.

Highway signs rarely wear out from natural causes, but vandals regularly mutilate and destroy them. Last year an estimated 350,000 signs had to be replaced for this reason.

The signs are shot at by hunters, defaced by teen-agers and deliberately bent and crushed by drivers with a strange sense of humor.

Keeping pace with man's improved methods of transportation, road signs have advanced from the blazed trails of the pioneers to the modern highway markers, which require thousands of workers from every state to place and maintain. With continued progress and new developments, the road signs of the future will perform an even greater service for the motorist than they have in the past.



This freeway near Los Angeles has adequate night lighting necessary for safety.





who's  who

A Flying Leap



Nellie is a grandmother, and her Nash is a grand car—or neither would be in the running today. You'd never suspect, if you heard them both humming along the road, that they had taken a death-defying leap over a 30-foot cliff and escaped unharmed.

Nellie is Mrs. Charles V. Imlay. But everybody calls her by her first name, probably because of her love of life and her gay youthfulness. Still, her doctor does not want her to do much walking. Without her car, she would be sitting alone in her Bethesda, Md., suburban home near Washington, D.C.

As it is, she no sooner disposes of morning household muss than she's off in her car—to church circle meetings, club luncheons and the homes of the children she teaches piano.

There is no reason to believe that she wasn't driving with her customary care on a Sunday, hardly more than a year ago, when the miracle occurred that saved her life.

After attending church in Washington, she drove to her son's house in Bethesda for dinner. She had beside her a pie she had baked.

Her route ran from a principal thoroughfare into a narrow road along the crest of a 30-foot cliff.

She turned sharply left into this narrow road and suddenly saw another automobile. Evidently she reached over to protect her pie. But everything happened so fast, it is open to speculation. The oncoming car did not hit her. But this much is certain: Nellie and the Nash took a flying leap through the air and landed 30 feet below.

The auto might have careened down the cliff, turning over and over. Or, once having cleared the ground and taken to the air, it might have been expected to land on its side, or top. But this Nash kept perfect balance through the air and landed on all four wheels.

No medical treatment was needed for Nellie. Ambulances with stretchers, police and shocked citizens all rushed to her assistance, but she assured them she was perfectly able to walk on to her son's house to dinner. She finally agreed to ride.

Today, Nellie's relatives and friends are apt to be somewhat unresponsive to advertisements for other cars. They're convinced that there's something special about the Nash.

McCahill Tests the '52 NASH Ambassador

Reprinted from *Mechanix Illustrated*, September, 1952

If I only had Danny Kaye's hair, I might be able to sing "Pina is the Belle of Gasolina." But being as bald as a worm, I'll have to settle for a non-singing statement: Pinin Farina is the Rembrandt of automobile design. For those of you who don't read the ads, Farina is the guy who designed the new Nashes.

Some anonymous wag on the West Coast is reputed to have remarked that "there was more Wheatena than Farina in the new Nash line." When I rudely asked one of the Nash brass just how much of the design was actually Farina, he admitted that there was, through necessity, a bit of the Midwest mixed in with Sunny Italy. This is quite easy to understand, once the facts are rolled out on the table.

All those sexy Farina body jobs we have seen on Alfa-Romeos, Lancias and other imported chassis have as

much interior room as the average-size soap box. Most of them are two-seater jobs with just enough baggage space for a fast week end for a short midget. When Americans hit the road, they like to take everything along from Junior's surfboard to Aunt Petunia's skis, to say nothing of at least 12 changes of clothes. In Europe if a guy has enough room to carry a spare tail for his beret and a bikini bathing suit for his little pigeon, he's as happy as a Coney Island clam at high tide. Faced with the problem of getting that Farina look on what would amount to an overgrown jitney on the Continent, I think Pinin has done a pretty good job. He has turned out the best-looking Nash in the company's history yet it is still loaded with room. All the Nash features, such as reclining bed seats, Weather Eye air condition-

(continued on page 14)

"Finest shock-proof ride in the world today," says Uncle Tom of the new Nash line of cars which Farina designed.





Symbolizing the re-styling of the new Nash line are the crest and script identifying the work of Pinin Farina.

(continued from page 13)

ing and Pullman ride are still there.

Incidentally, the new Ambassador has, in my book, the finest shock-proof ride in the world today. When I was testing this car I took it to the roughest, gouged-out testing road I know in the East. At varied speeds up to 60 I hit bumps and even large rocks that would have broken your back and ripped away the front axle assembly of any car made 10 years ago and even of some cars made today. The Nash Ambassador, however, remained silent and absolutely unruffled by these blows. A short time ago I reported that the Buick Roadmaster had the finest rough road ride of any car made in America but that was before I tested the Nash Ambassador. This car is undoubtedly the best bump-leveler we have. Both the wide front and back seats are as comfortable as a French feather bed and in every other way it is a pure champion of ease for Madame Tenderbottom.

To get behind the wheel of the Ambassador is like being on the

bridge of the *Queen Mary*. Farina has dropped the hood between the fenders in the best Packard manner, so that the front visibility is good, but it still gives the sensation of steering a three-acre lot or going through the Tunnel of Love in a coal barge. Oddly enough (to me), one of the Nash officials bragged that this new job was two inches wider than a Cadillac. Well, bub, if you buy cars by the area they cover, you'll have to go a long way to beat the Ambassador. On an acre-per-dollar basis, this is the bargain of the year.

In performance, Pinin's design has done nothing for the new Nash. This year's engine has had the horsepower boosted to 120 from 115 and the torque was raised to 220 from 210 by increasing the bore by an eighth of an inch. In spite of this I found all acceleration figures slightly slower than those of 1951. Zero to 60 in 1951 took 15.3 with an overdrive unit and the best I could get out of the new job, also with overdrive, was 15.9. Top speed is about the same as last year, with overdrive, meaning somewhere between 96 and 98 miles an hour. With special available speed equipment under perfect conditions on the Dry Lakes, some Nashes have been clocked at better than 100 but for all practical purposes such cars can be considered just about as stock as moonglow.

The Nash Ambassadors are, however, among the best performing cars made in America and in hill-climbing they take a back seat to none. I have a special test road in New Jersey that's a real back-breaker. The grade has a fast twist

at the bottom and quickly goes from about a 12-degree pitch to 26 degrees a quarter of a mile beyond. Of the dozens of cars I have driven on this, only two ever made it all the way in high gear. One was my Caddie 61 with three-speed synchromesh and the other was this new Nash Ambassador. Actually, the Nash with the two-speed rear axle of overdrive had it a lot easier than the Cadillac. Anyway, no other overdrive car ever even came close to climbing that hill in high. A special V8 Chrysler with a three-speed Cadillac transmission, and even the M. I. Ford, were stopped in their tracks by this little slope. So it was quite a ball of amazement when the not-too-highly powered Nash went right up without a buck.

By now, many of you know that a Nash-Healey finished third at Le Mans, France, in the famous 24-hour race. This is a tremendous testimonial for the Nash Ambassador engine. I spoke to Donald Healey the day the race started and he told me he'd be happy to finish in

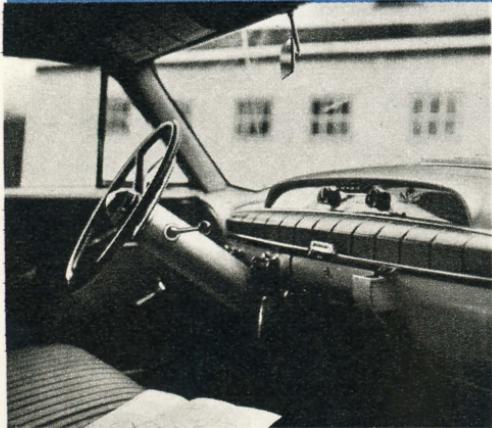
the first ten and had no hopes of winning at all. The Nash Ambassador engine really has a better post-war record at Le Mans for consistency and reliability than any of the hot shots including Ferraris, Jags or Allards.

This year's third-place Nash-Healey, which was beaten only by two Mercedes-Benzes, actually looks as much like the American showroom Nash-Healey as I look like Betty Grable. Regardless, the fact that the Nash Ambassador engine, with the Healey touch, beat five souped-up Chrysler V-8 engines, cannot be overlooked. The Allard entries this year had V-8 Chrysler mills and so did the three Cunninghams. The Cunningham coupe was the fastest car on the course but when running easily in second place was put out by a failing valve-keeper. The other Cunningham to go out also had valve trouble which left old Ironman Briggs Cunningham to carry the mail, finishing fourth.

Rather than risk not having a car running at the end of the 24 hours,

(continued on page 16)

Plenty of changes have been made in the looks of the new Nashes, both inside and out. Retained were such well-known features as air-conditioning, and the reclining seats.



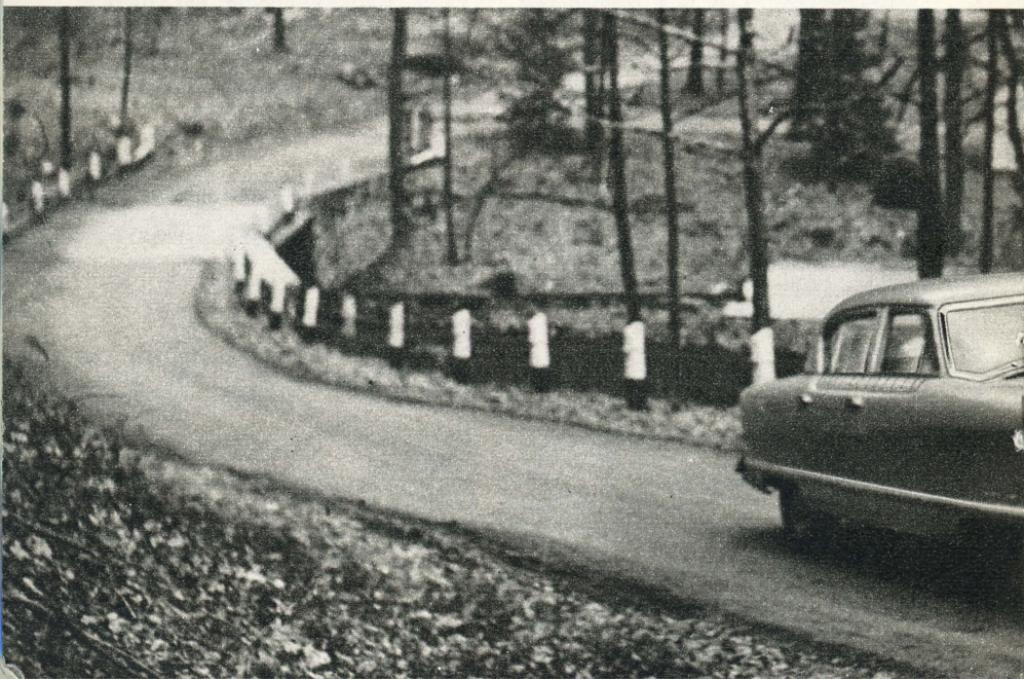
(continued from page 15)

Briggs backed way off to here and coasted for almost 20 hours. When he finally turned the car over to his co-driver, Bill Spear, Bill quickly made up three places in less than an hour. But he was under strict orders limiting speed. If given the car earlier and with a freer hand, he might conceivably have not only edged the Nash-Healey out of third place but also knocked off one of the Mercedes as well. Briggs Cunningham, America's Mr. Sports Car, wanted to take the blame himself if his car failed and after his two fastest entries went out, who could blame him for backing off and assuring himself an automatic entry for next year? (To be assured of an invitation to Le Mans, the world's biggest auto race, you must have a car that ran the full 24 hours the year before.)

This year's race was the old tortoise-and-hare story all over again. Before the race was one-third over, all the real hot shots had burned themselves out. The two Mercedes, like the Nash-Healey, ran magnificently planned races but even these call for a certain amount of luck. For instance, a little over an hour before the 24 were up, a French Talbot was creaming the Mercedes and running in first place. Reputedly, at its last pit stop, the Talbot crew forgot to check and add oil, causing the French car to burn up a bearing when actually within sight of winning! It takes a lot of luck to win a Le Mans race but the fact remains it takes a hell of an engine to place third at an average speed of 90-plus for the 24 hours and that is what the Nash engine did.

This year's Nash line is by far the

The 1952 Ambassador was one of only two cars Tom has driven which was able to make a bac





Tom and his wife Cynthia look over the 120-hp Ambassador engine—with help from Joe, their pet dog.

Rock-breaking test hill in high gear all the way.



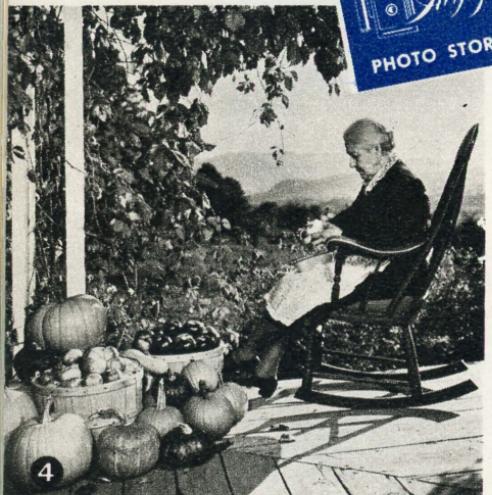
best that Nash has ever offered and that's saying a lot. The Nash Ambassador is a magnificent riding car, big as a houseboat but better on the hills. It corners reasonably well for a balloon-type design and Le Mans again proved the reliability of the power plant. As soon as this is in the mail to Bill Parker, I'm heading for Farina's body shop in Italy to find out what's on the stove for next year. I am writing this in France but just before I left the States, I put in one pitch with the Nash brass I wish they'd listen to. Nash has Farina under contract for some time, so I said how about giving him a real free hand, no holds barred, on next year's Rambler? If they do, which is doubtful, I'll bet they'll have the hottest selling car since old Henry introduced the Model T.

—Tom McCahill

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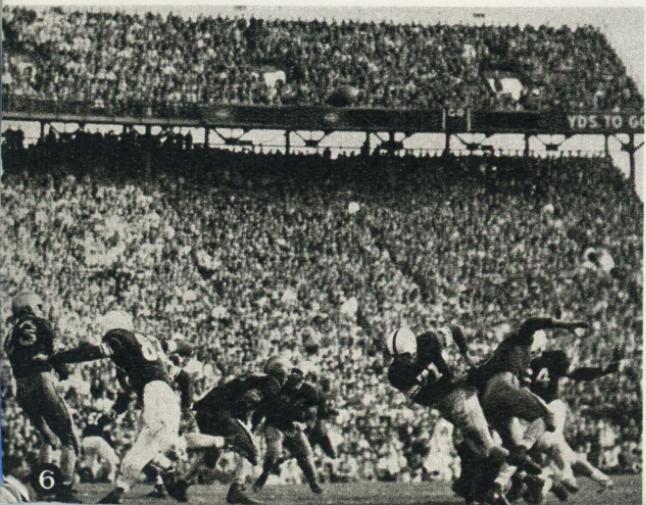
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Thanksgiving Day . . .

America's first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated 331 years ago at Plymouth, Mass., when the Pilgrim Fathers (1) gave thanks after "provisions and fuel were laid in for the winter." After thanks was given, the Pilgrims feasted on the bounty of the forest and field with turkey (2) a popular dish. It still is. And today Turkey Day and Thanksgiving Day are synonymous. Americans crowd many activities into the holiday that is peculiarly their own. Many spend the early morning hours



6

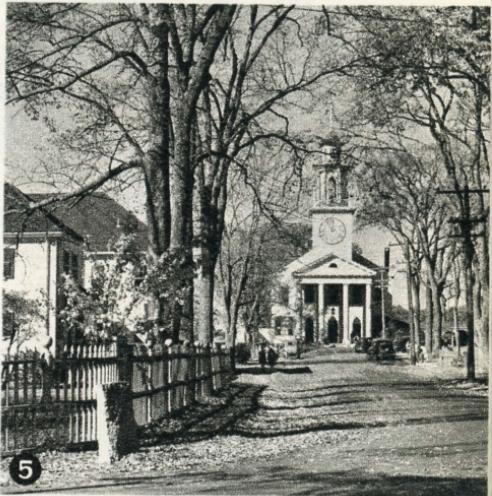


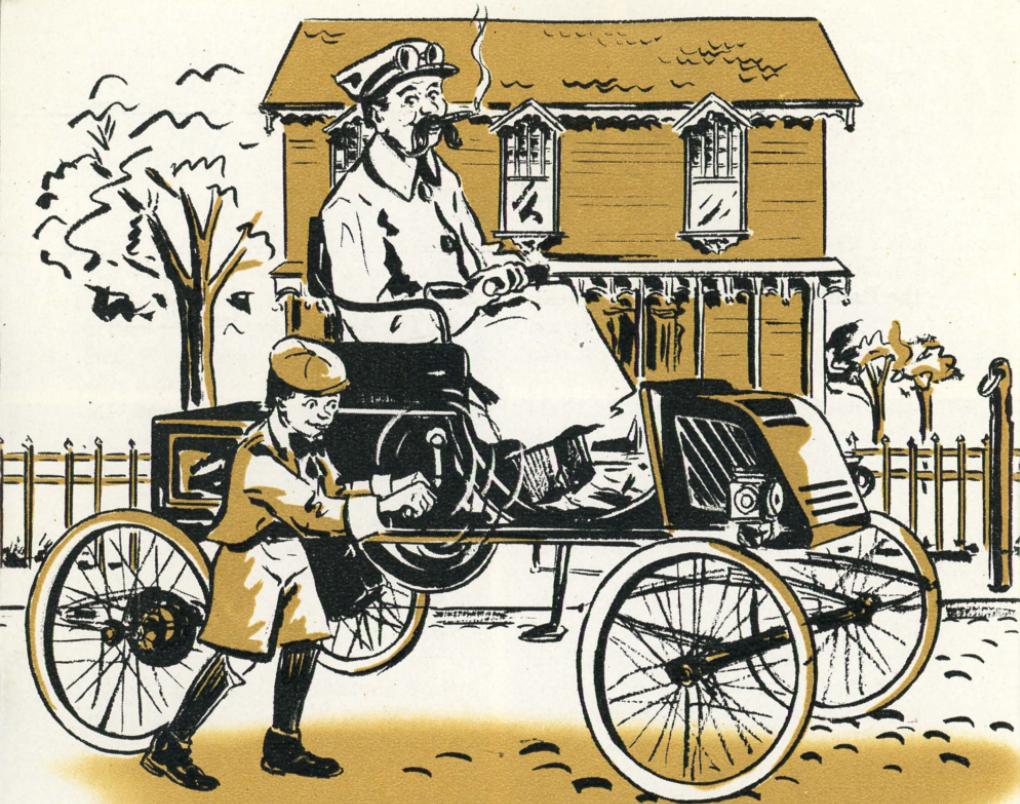
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America's Own Holiday

hunting (3). But Grandma (4) is busy getting the big dinner ready and waiting for all the children. Later they will go to church (5) and give thanks as did their forefathers. Then there's the big game (6) to be enjoyed, often followed downtown by a colorful parade (7) that opens the Christmas shopping season. But none of these events can compete with the Thanksgiving Dinner (8) where the turkey again reigns supreme as it did in 1621 at the first Thanksgiving Feast.





Father Takes to Motoring...

*Things Began To Happen When The Family
Piled In Their 1902 Rambler For A Trip*

by JOHN M. LEE

My father bought a 1902 single-cylinder Rambler with a large bulb horn and a special auxiliary front seat, which provided a most precarious perch for my two younger sisters, ages 4 and 6, and myself, age 8.

When Father decided to take a trip

—never more than 12 miles from home—he would settle his leather cap with built-in goggles upon his head at a rakish angle, button his linen duster, put on his gauntlets, light his cigar and announce that he was ready. He would get in the driver's seat, put his foot on the

compression release on the floor and order me to crank the car. When the motor started, Father would open it up wide, roar at me to get on the front seat, all the while pulling the low gear.

Every horse or team would be terrified at the sight and sound of the Rambler. They would buck, rear, jump, turn around and run away. Every time we met a team, it was my duty to jump from the front seat, grab the bridles, try to pacify them and lead them past the car. Invariably the motor had to be stopped. Then I would have to crank it and make a leap for the front seat. This procedure was repeated many times during any trip.

When Father and I were alone in the Rambler, he would let me pull the lever into low gear and tell me when to release it in high gear. Then he would throw the tiller in a half-circle over to me so that I was steering the car, he, of course, controlling the throttle and the brake.

After several weeks, I thought I was qualified to drive, so unbeknownst to my father, I foolishly took a solo drive in the main part of town. Everybody saw me and complained bitterly to my father that I was too young, bound to kill somebody and he would be responsible. I found out that night, with the aid of the flat side of a hairbrush, that Father agreed with them.

Then came the day when Father bought a 1904 two-cylinder Rambler, which, when delivered, was followed by every kid in town with his dog and bicycle. Mothers wheeling baby carriages came in to inspect it. The kids all squeezed the bulb horn. The car was finally put in the barn

and the door locked. Kids came from all over and stood on one another's shoulders to peer through the windows, trampled flower beds and broke branches in the trees. Father had to finally threaten them with the police to get them out of the yard.

The tonneau opened "up the back." It had to be locked from the outside. The first Sunday, Father loaded us three kids in the tonneau, locked the rear door and took us for a ride with Mother on the front seat. He drove on an isolated dirt road so that he could concentrate on his driving. Mother cautioned us to be quiet so as not to disturb Father. After driving several miles, I turned to look at my younger sister, only to find that she was not there. The door was swinging wildly. We roared at the top of our lungs. Father looked around, gasped, said, "Good Lord! Where is Phebe?" He retraced our route and five minutes later found a very dirty little girl, crying loudly, sitting in about eight inches of dust. Mother grabbed her little darling to her, burst into tears and scolded Father for his negligence. The child was taken home immediately, washed and found to be undamaged.

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(continued from page 21)

The road from Wilkes-Barre to the Poconos went over a steep mountain called "Giant's Despair;" I called it "John's Despair." The Rambler could only negotiate this mountain in low gear. Father became tired of holding the lever—and it had to be held tightly—because it made his wrists sore. I was put in the rear seat, and when it was necessary to remain in low gear I would have to reach over the side with both hands, brace my feet and pull as hard as I could. If the tension eased for a few seconds, the bands on the transmission would slip and burn with a frightful odor.

Father was almost impossible with his bragging about the Rambler. He was very much upset when one of our neighbors brought back from Paris a Panhard, which was driven from New York to Wilkes-Barre (180 miles) in two days by an imported French chauffeur. Father felt that his prestige, as well as the car's, was being depreciated and the only thing he could do was to better the record. We were going to drive to

New York in one day.

We were up at 4 a.m., and about daylight we started. The tonneau was filled with tires, oil cans, tools, towline, rubber raincoats and even extra spark plugs. The floor of the tonneau was metal, under which was one of the cylinders. Driving continuously, the cylinder became hot, the floor became hotter, and the spare tires smelt as though they were being vulcanized, but on we drove. We finally arrived at Jersey City Heights, my grandmother's home, at 9:30 the same night.

Father complained about his fingers feeling like telegraph poles from clutching the wheel, but they were not too sore to prevent him from writing a telegram to our local papers, stating that he had accomplished the impossible—he had driven 180 miles in an American-made Rambler, without any chauffeur, in $17\frac{1}{2}$ hours, with practically no mechanical trouble.

I might add that it took two days to return.





Football's Greatest Rivalry

by MARSHALL DANN

The Detroit Free Press

No football rivalry is more intense, no game commands as wide a following and few other sports events compare to the stirring spectacle of the traditional Army-Navy classic.

On the last Saturday of November, the Cadets and Midshipmen temporarily set aside their rigorous routines and move en masse into Philadelphia's mammoth Municipal Stadium. There they are joined by their families and friends, "Old Grads," a large segment of Congress, many of Uncle Sam's foremost generals and admirals and usually the President and all or part of his cabinet. Indeed the crowd is as distinguished as it is large. Seldom can an empty seat be found in the 100,000-capacity arena.

Everyone, or so it seems, takes a side in the big game. The old retired soldier, the young gob on a destroyer in the Pacific, the embryo pilot at a distant air field, all tune in by radio, short-wave or television. Millions of others throughout the world focus their attention on the City of

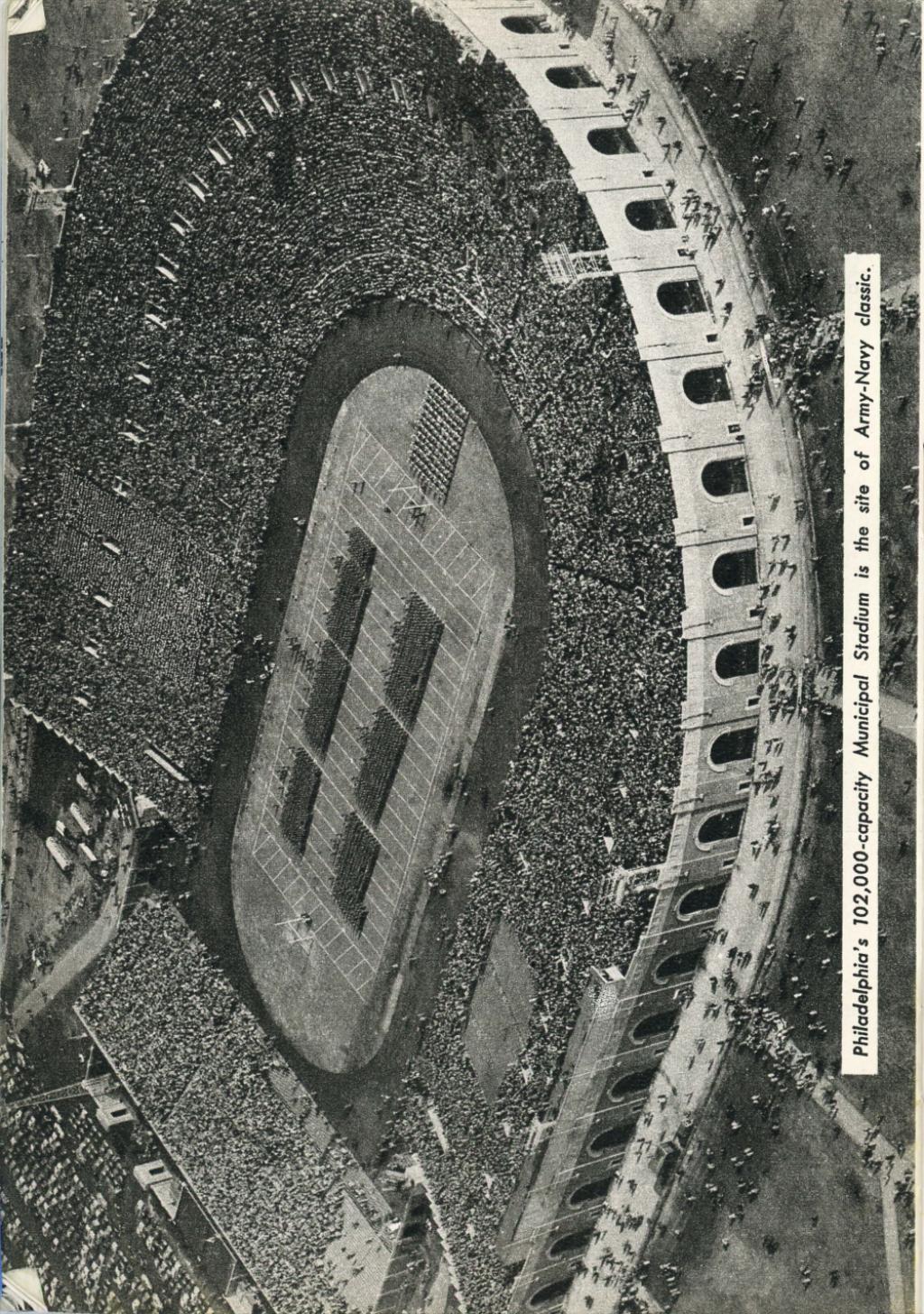
Brotherly Love for these two hours each year.

The series started as a result of a Navy challenge hurled at the Cadets in 1890. The Middies had played a few years of football before and wanted to engage their service brothers. The Cadets were prohibited by regulations from participating until an enterprising cadet, named Dennis M. Michie, convinced the authorities of the importance of taking up the challenge of the Midshipmen. The Middies sailed up the Hudson and taught the inexperienced Cadets a pigskin lesson 24-0. Army now has 27 victories to Navy's 21. Four ties have been played.

From this humble beginning, the series has increased in interest by leaps and bounds. In 1926, 120,000 were on hand to witness what many authorities termed the "greatest football game of all time." The service rivals battled to a 21-21 tie in a timely dedication of Chicago's Soldiers Field.

There have been many other truly

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Philadelphia's 102,000-capacity Municipal Stadium is the site of Army-Navy classic.

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great battles down through the years. The one outstanding feature, however, is that season performances and the form charts have to be discarded. These are replaced by the intangibles: flaming spirit, grim determination and will to win. Any one or a combination of these has spelled out victory for both sides on many occasions, despite seemingly overwhelming odds.

Possibly this ability to come from behind, to turn defeat into victory, is an indication of the type of men who have gone on to even greater success in other fields of endeavor.

The roll call of former grid greats at both Academies will bear scrutiny. Through the years, the players in the Army-Navy classic have gone on to become outstanding military leaders and among our nation's most honored heroes.

No less than 80 Navy gridders have become admirals. Their names are familiar ones—Bill Halsey, Jonus Ingram, William Standley, Robert Ghormley, John H. (Babe) Brown, Richard E. Byrd and Tom Hamilton, to list a few.

The Army has a comparable list with James Van Vleet, Omar Bradley, Charles Born, George Smythe, Norris Harbold, Sam Brentnall, Vern Prichard and Leland Hobbs. One of

the Army's best known generals, Dwight Eisenhower, still laments a mid-season knee injury that benched him for the Navy game.

The word, "hero," has a twofold meaning applied to many of the players. There was Tackle Slade Cutter whose field goal produced Navy's 3-0 victory in 1934, one of the great upsets of the series. Ten years later, Commander Slade Cutter was a multi-decorated submarine skipper. And the log of the 1935 Navy team shows that 13 of the players were killed in action in World War II.

Army's first All-American was Paul Bunker, the only man ever to hit the All-American team at two positions. Colonel Bunker died in a Japanese prison camp during the war. The list is ever growing. In the current Korean conflict, 20 former Army gridders have been killed in action, three are missing and 72 have been wounded.

Among those who gave their lives in Korea are Tom Lombardo, John Trent, Ray Drury, Ug Fuson and Bill Kellum, all varsity men since 1944 whose playing exploits still are fresh in the memories of those who will watch the 53rd renewal of football's greatest rivalry November 29 in Philadelphia.

Army-Navy Scores

Year		1903	Army 40	Navy 5	1918	No game		1935	Army 28	Navy 6	
1890	Navy 24	Army 0	1904	Army 11	Navy 0	1919	Navy 6	Army 0	1936	Navy 7	Army 0
1891	Army 32	Navy 16	1905	Navy 10	Army 0	1920	Navy 7	Army 0	1937	Army 6	Navy 0
1892	Navy 12	Army 4	1907	Navy 6	Army 0	1921	Navy 7	Army 0	1938	Army 14	Navy 7
1893	Navy 6	Army 4	1908	Army 6	Navy 4	1922	Army 17	Navy 14	1939	Navy 10	Army 0
1894	No game		1909	No game		1923	Army 0	Navy 0	1940	Navy 14	Army 0
1895	No game		1910	Navy 3	Army 0	1924	Army 12	Navy 0	1941	Navy 14	Army 6
1896	No game		1911	Navy 3	Army 0	1925	Army 10	Navy 3	1942	Navy 14	Army 0
1897	No game		1912	Navy 6	Army 0	1926	Army 21	Navy 21	1943	Navy 13	Army 0
1898	No game		1913	Army 22	Navy 9	1927	Army 14	Navy 9	1944	Army 23	Navy 7
1899	Army 17	Navy 5	1914	Army 20	Navy 0	1928	No game		1945	Army 32	Navy 13
1900	Navy 11	Army 7	1915	Army 14	Navy 0	1929	No game		1946	Army 21	Navy 18
1901	Army 11	Navy 5	1916	Army 15	Navy 7	1930	Army 6	Navy 0	1947	Army 21	Navy 0
1902	Army 22	Navy 8	1917	No game		1931	Army 17	Navy 7	1948	Army 21	Navy 21
						1932	Army 20	Navy 0	1949	Army 38	Navy 0
						1933	Army 12	Navy 7	1950	Navy 14	Army 2
						1934	Navy 3	Army 0	1951	Navy 42	Army 7

HELPFUL *Hints* FROM NASH OWNERS

If you have a favorite way of performing some ordinary household task, or have discovered a short-cut in the performance of some chore, send it along. Nash Airflyte Magazine will pay five dollars for each contribution published. None will be returned. Address all contributions to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Michigan.

Put a small piece of white soap in your sewing basket. Stick needles and pins in it and they will run through cloth more easily.

*Miss Joyce Wells
Farmington, Mo.*

Need only a few drops of lemon juice? Prick lemon with fork, squeeze out the juice you want, return lemon to refrigerator to keep until next time.

*Mrs. James E. Baker
St. Louis, Mo.*

To hold card tables together securely when placing them side by side to make one long table, slip large rubber bands over the adjoining legs of the tables.

*Elwood Enderson
Ridgeway, Iowa*

A quick, easy way to remove old wallpaper is to spray boiling water on the walls with a spray pump. Wet about 12 feet at a time, then pull off in the original strips.

*Jerry Hubbard
Orangeburg, S. C.*

To keep onions whole while being cooked, pierce through center with a toothpick or large needle.

*Mrs. Irven Vietmeier
Forreston, Ill.*

My outdoor work (trimming tall shrubs, washing windows, painting low buildings on exterior) is much easier since I constructed this wheeled stepladder. After I have finished in one place, I merely pick up the handles and wheel it to the next place. Use discarded wheels from a child's wagon and add handle bars.

*Arnold E. Herb
Monrovia, Calif.*



To keep clothes hangers from jamming together on a closet rod, cut evenly-spaced grooves or notches across the top of the rod to hold the hangers in place.

*Mrs. Grace L. King
Dixon, Ill.*

Put those French doors to use by using them as picture frames. Scotch tape your 8 x 10 photos in center of glass panel, zig-zagging according to the number of photos you have to display. The doors back against wall present a very pleasing array.

*Mrs. Ames Cross
Mount Ayr, Iowa*

If you spill grease on your floor, pour ice water over it. The cold water hardens the grease and makes it easy to scrape up.

*Mrs. A. Luggen
Bellevue, Ky.*



A bridge table is very handy in the sick room. When serving meals just fold two of the legs up and slip over the bed on the patient's lap. This is much easier to handle than a tray.

*Mrs. Noel Carrico
Glendive, Mont.*

Go Continental



You'll like the appearance and practical advantages of the new Continental Tire Mount for your Ambassador or Statesman. The beauty of your car will be further enhanced by this smart and sophisticated accessory. Not only does the exterior mounting provide you with extra luggage space — the Continental Tire Mount is hinged at the bottom so that it tilts outward to permit easy access to the luggage compartment. Let us show you the Golden Airflyte Continental Tire Mount today.



Smiles along the road

PACT

The following sign was observed in a small West Texas Cafe:

The banker has agreed that if I won't cash any checks he won't sell any chile.

Billie Blount
Greenville, Texas

PESTIMISTIC

A sign on a pest control business in San Mateo, Calif., reads:

OUR BUSINESS IS SIMPLY
KILLING

William H. Penaat
San Francisco, Calif.

FOR
GOLDEN
LISTENING
PLEASURE

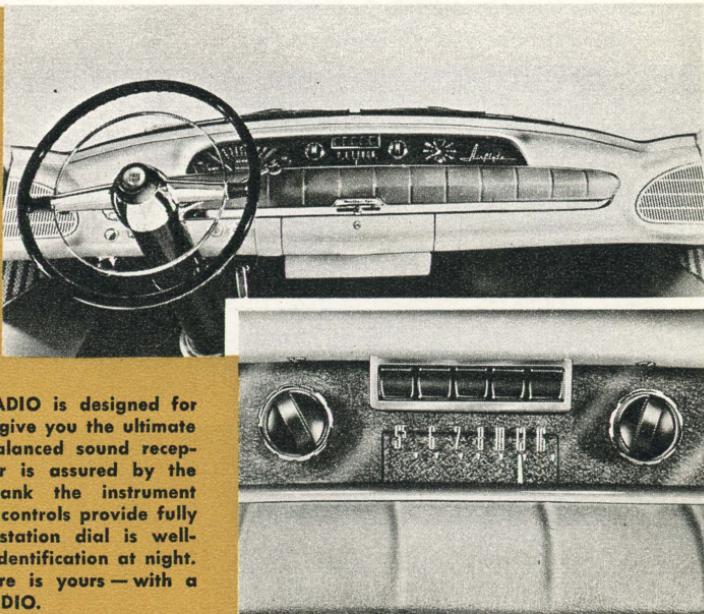
NASH DUO-COUSTIC RADIO is designed for your Golden Airflyte to give you the ultimate in listening pleasure. Balanced sound reception throughout the car is assured by the twin speakers that flank the instrument panel. Five push-button controls provide fully automatic tuning. The station dial is well-lighted for quick, clear identification at night. Golden listening pleasure is yours — with a NASH DUO-COUSTIC RADIO.

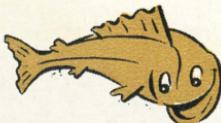
Share your smile with Nash Airflyte readers and be richer by five dollars. Nash Airflyte pays five dollars for each Smile Along the Road contributed by a reader and selected for publication. All contributions become the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. Send your contribution along to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Mich.

NO SKIDDING!

While motoring toward West Point, I noticed the following sign: ROAD SLIPPERY WHEN ICY

Mrs. Arthur B. Troup
Colonial Heights, Va.





TILL WE MEAT AGAIN

While driving through Hazleton, Ind., I saw this sign on a fish market:
If you can't make both ends meat, make one fish.

*Mrs. Joe Baird
Vincennes, Ind.*

PARABLE

Be a PATIENT
PEDESTRIAN
Not a PEDESTRIAN
PATIENT

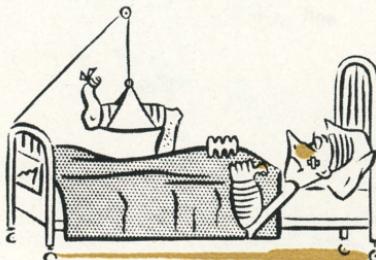
*Miss Julia M. Turnage
Memphis, Tenn.*

FREE DISHES

A New Castle, Ind., drive-in theatre advertises:

OFFICIAL
FLYING SAUCER
LOOKOUT STATION

*Miss Donita Beguhn
New Castle, Ind.*



SUBSIDIZED

I lived in Japan for two years, and while riding along one of Tokyo's busy streets I saw the following sign:



*William Duggan
College Park, Md.*

KISSASTROPHE

Sign seen along a Vermont highway:

The man who can drive safely while kissing a pretty girl is not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.

*Joseph Marchalonis
Bristol, Conn.*

TV OR NOT TV

This notice was posted on the wall of a downtown Los Angeles office building:

BABY SITTER
RATES: Without TV—95c hour
With TV—65c hour

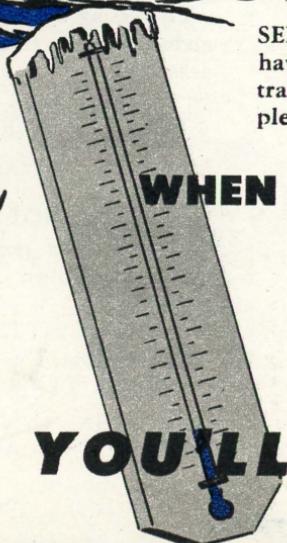
*Bob Diedrich
Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Don't be caught
out on a limb*

**BE WINTER-WISE
AND WINTERIZE!**



Then



**WHEN THE THERMOMETER
goes
down
like
this**

YOU'LL BE READY!

Now is the time to make certain your car will give you quick dependable starting all winter long.

. . . and it's the time, too, to insure your car against unnecessary trouble and repairs.

Winter is moving in — with its sudden snow squalls, slippery roads and quick freezes.

You'll want your WINTERIZING SERVICE to be performed *right* — and we have the facilities, modern equipment and trained personnel to give your car complete, Nash-Planned winter protection.



**COLD
WEATHER'S
COMING!**

**Let us WINTERIZE
Your Car !**



COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE

• ENGINE OIL CHANGE

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THREE ~ **Going On Four**

With this issue, *Nash Airflyte Magazine* begins its fourth volume. We have greatly enjoyed coming into your home these past three eventful years. We hope that we have been able to inform you as well as entertain you. Your letters and suggestions have been most helpful. And we covet your continued good will as a member of the Nash Family.

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